

THE RAILWAY CRISIS—HUNGARIAN SURPRISE

The Daily Mirror

CERTIFIED CIRCULATION LARGER THAN THAT OF ANY OTHER DAILY PICTURE PAPER

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[16 PAGES.]

One Penny.

THE KING TAKES SALUTE FROM HIS VICTORIOUS GUARDS



The Queen of Rumania, Queen Alexandra, Queen Mary and King George.

The Guards, the men who never knew defeat, marched through London on Saturday. Home again with long new lists of battle honours added to the victories won under William III., Marlborough, Moore, Graham and Raglan, they marched through the West



At the Mansion House. Their step was perfect and they were as steady as a rock.

End and City to the cheers of tens of thousands of spectators. Among them were the few surviving "Old Contemptibles," the men who fought from Mons to Maubeuge, a remnant of the days of bearskin and scarlet.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

REMOVING ALL TRACES OF THE BOCHE FROM OSTEND: "DAILY MIRROR" STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER INJURED.



Ostend will be as gay as in pre-war days when all traces of the enemy's defences have been removed. Work is proceeding apace, and the photographs show Belgian soldiers destroying Hun bombs by exploding them in the sea and the destruction of a dug-out built under



a hotel. The suggestion that it would make a good wine cellar was not approved. Mr. Horace Grant, a Daily Mirror staff photographer, was injured by a grenade while taking these pictures, but is, we are happy to say, progressing favourably.

BEAUTY QUEENS ON APRIL 5.

Special "Daily Mirror" Prizewinners' Number.

NEXT FRIDAY'S LUNCHEON

Britain's beauty queens, the loveliest of the 50,000 women war workers who entered *The Daily Mirror's* £1,000 competition, will be known to the world on Saturday, April 5.

The Daily Mirror of that date will be a special beauty number.

There are forty-nine cash prizes—the first of £500, the second £100, the third £50, the fourth £25, twenty prizes of £10 each, and twenty-five of £5.

The names of the winners of these prizes and their portraits will be published in this special number.

Some fifty more of the 200 "probables" selected by the Judging Committee after a close scrutiny of 3,000 of the best photographs entered for the contest, have still to be interviewed by the Beauty Editor.

Arrangements are being completed, however, for a number of these "probables" to be invited by *The Daily Mirror* to a luncheon at the Savoy Hotel.

THE WINNING QUARTET.

Final Choice To Be Made by Committee at Luncheon at Savoy.

This luncheon is being fixed for Friday next, and the committee will then choose from among the guests the four leading prizewinners, the quartet who will be awarded the principal cash prizes and be entitled also to the novel holiday in France.

This will be a week's free holiday in France, given to the four chief prizewinners by *The Daily Mirror*, and Mr. G. Holt Thomas, chairman of the Aircraft Manufacturing Company, which is instituting the London-Paris Ritz-to-

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

A depression over the Bay of Biscay is moving eastwards slowly, and will cause fresh easterly or north-easterly winds and some rain or sleet in the English Channel.

Forecast for S.E. England.—Fresh N.E. or E. winds; dull; some rain or sleet; rather cold.

Sunshine spots yesterday were: Rhyl, six hours; St. Andrews, Scotland, five hours; Ross-on-Wye, four hours; Colwyn Bay, four hours, and Felixstowe, four hours.

Ritz aerial passenger service, has kindly undertaken that they shall fly to France and back in one of the famous Aero de Havilland machines. That the judging of the merits of each competitor will be in the best possible hands readers will recognise from this list of representative artists and others who have consented to form the adjudication committee—

Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, R.A.
Mr. Bertram Mackennal, M.V.O., A.R.A.
Mr. Charles Sims, R.A., A.R.A.
Major Richard Jack, A.R.A.
Miss Anna Airy, R.I., R.O.I.
Miss Lily Elsie (Mrs. Ian Bullough).
Miss Gladys Cooper (Mrs. Herbert J. Buckmaster).

The copyright of all photographs of successful competitors is vested in *The Daily Mirror*. Competitors must remember, too, that the decision of the Editor will be final, legal and binding in every way.

STRANGE PARIS STORY.

Rumours, the Peace Conference and Some French Newspapers.

PARIS, Sunday.
The Journal says that whispers are being heard of certain rumours concerning scandals which are on the point of becoming public property.

It is alleged, in fact, that certain members of the Conference heavily subsidised certain French papers in order to get them to consent to abandon their defence of the national point of view.

The French Government, roused by these rumours, has proceeded to an investigation, and it is said in the presence of irrefutable proofs of such corruption very serious legal steps are on the eve of being taken.—Exchange.

BREACH OF PROMISE.

Sir Edward Clarke, K.C., who has had more experience of breach of promise actions than any other advocate, has given his views on "Should Breach of Promise Actions Be Abolished?" the "London Magazine," which has just been published.

"The abolition of such actions," he says, "would be a great public mischief. They tend to prevent inconsiderate and hasty agreements to marry, and also prevent proposals of marriage—not at all infrequent—from men who really have no intention of carrying them out."



Lieut.-Col. John Ward, C.M.G., of the Navy's M.P. who commands a battalion in Siberia, has been made a C.B.



Maj.-Gen. Sir Charles T. Mc. M. Kavanagh, D.S.O., created a K.C.M.G. for military services.

BITTEN BY AN ADDER.

Swift Presence of Mind of Sir Ernest Shackleton's Daughter.

HISTORIC COINCIDENCE.

Miss Cicely Shackleton, the twelve-year-old daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Shackleton, has recently had an unpleasant adventure, which came near to terminating fatally.

A few days ago Lady Shackleton received a telephone call from the school near Brighton, where Cicely is staying. It appeared that the little girl was seriously ill.

She immediately hurried down to the school, where she learned the cause of the complaint. Cicely had been out for a walk, when she noticed a small adder clinging to a branch. She thought the snake looked unhappy and uncomfortable, and so hastened to help it down.

While doing so the snake bit her in the arm. Cicely at once bent down and sucked the wound, extracting the poison.

"The child's presence of mind," remarked the doctor who attended her, "undoubtedly saved her from a serious illness, which might have had a fatal ending."

The Daily Mirror is happy to learn that Cicely is well out of danger, and is out and about once more.

There is a curious historic appropriateness in the circumstance that Miss Cicely Shackleton is descended, through her father, Sir Ernest Shackleton, from that Queen Eleanor who sucked the poison from the wound of her husband, Edward I, thus saving his life.

Sir Ernest Shackleton is serving in North Russia as a divisional staff major.

WAR ORIGIN SECRETS.

Berlin Urged Vienna to Make an "Accomplished Fact."

Dealing with Germany's war guilt, President Poincaré, in a speech yesterday, said that information had just come to light that telegrams of July 25 and 26, 1914, showed that Berlin urged Vienna to place Europe in the presence of an "accomplished fact," and that only yesterday France learned that on July 11, 1914, the Austrian Ambassador in Paris was informed by the Austrian Foreign Office that the two Central Empires had reached a complete agreement "on the political situation resulting from the Serajevo crime and its possible consequences."—Reuter.

HERO IN WORKHOUSE.

Silver Badge Man's Allegation Against Pension Tribunal.

How a silver badge man has had to go to the workhouse was told on Saturday night at a meeting of Hitchen and District Discharged Soldiers' Branch.

The man, who had sent a letter to the branch appealing for help, said that he was suffering from injuries received while in France.

His pension was stopped, and the local pension tribunal had not answered his letter last September.

A resolution was passed demanding immediate redress and declaring a silver badge man should never be admitted to a workhouse.

SINGER'S £100,000 SONGS.

Melba's Return from Golden Tour for Red Cross.

Mme. Melba arrived in Liverpool from New York yesterday.

During the past four years the famous soprano has raised in Australia and America nearly £100,000 for the Red Cross.

EGYPTIAN SITUATION IMPROVING.

Latest advices from Cairo, says the Press Association, show that the situation in Egypt continues to improve, though a Reuter telegram says the Redoubt attacked British troops in the Fayum, but were beaten off with some loss.

General Allenby arrived in Marseilles yesterday, says the Exchange, and left immediately for Egypt.

Ovation For Guards.

London Gives a Magnificent Welcome to Our Victorious Troops.

ROSES SHOWERED ON HEROES.

London gave the Guards a magnificent welcome in their victory march through the City and West End on Saturday.

From start to finish the cheering was practically continuous, rising to its greatest height first when the Earl of Cavan rode by, followed by his staff captain, the Prince of Wales, whom everybody recognised and specially welcomed; then when the colours were sighted, and, lastly, when the wounded heroes unable to walk came past in motor lorries.

Grenadier Guards, Life Guards, Coldstreams, Scots, Welsh and Irish Guards—they swept through the streets with the dignity of discipline and in pride of career. Flags were waved, and hands crashed forth triumphant music, and the people cheered and sometimes wept with emotion, but the Guards swung steadily on with set, stern faces.

The route to the forecourt of Buckingham Palace, down the Mall, past the gardens of the Duke of Connaught's residence, by the side of Marlborough House gardens, into Pall Mall and through clubland to the north side of Trafalgar square, where accommodation had been provided for representatives of both Houses of Parliament.

Then, by way of Duncannon-street and the Strand, the City was reached. The return journey was made through Cheap-side, Holborn and Piccadilly to the terminating point of the march at Hyde Park Corner.

At the brilliantly-decorated Berkeley Hotel in Piccadilly baskets of roses had been provided for the ladies to throw into the ranks, and the flowers were showered upon the soldiers as they marched by.

After the procession had left the Palace, the King, Queen Mary and the Queen of Rumania went to talk to the wounded, some of whom had remained behind.

The youngest of the little Rumanian Princesses accompanied her mother, and was deeply interested in the soldiers.

KICKED IN THE FACE.

Policeman Injured While Arresting Overseas Soldier.

There was an exciting scene in Gray's Inn-road yesterday evening when a policeman attempted to take an overseas soldier into custody.

During a fierce struggle the pair fell to the ground, and whilst they were in this position someone in the crowd kicked the policeman in the face, with the result that he had to be detained in hospital for three hours. The soldier escaped.

CHILLY SPRING.

But Sunshine Brought Out the Crowds in Hyde Park.

Hyde Park was a kaleidoscope of colour yesterday.

Despite the cold wind there were signs of spring everywhere. The bright sunshine had brought such crowds that only a "crocodile crowd" could be indulged in near the Achilles Statue.

Every fashion in design and colour was to be seen in the Park. One woman was wearing a bright green skirt with a mantilla of black fur. Orange cloaks were also to be seen.

There was also a reminder of "flu," as many of the handkerchiefs had been scented with eucalyptus.

The maximum temperature yesterday, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m. was 42deg.

'FLU-STRICKEN DISTRICT.

Whole Families Prostrated—Houses with Six Deaths.

For the third time the influenza epidemic has made an attack on Mid-Rosecommon, and this time it has been the most violent of all.

Whole families are prostrated, and in some cases six deaths have occurred in one house.

The Union Hospital is overstocked and inmates act as helpers. Dr. Forde, the medical officer of Ruskey Dispensary, has demanded that the disused police barracks of Ballyculine be converted into an auxiliary hospital.

"GUARDROOM SONG AND DANCE."

"A most violent and daring fellow," was the description applied to John Boreman, alias "the mad dog," when he was remanded to the Guildhall on Saturday on a charge of being concerned with others in an attempt to break into a Lendall-hill-street jeweller's.

A guarder from the Army, it was stated he once induced other prisoners in the guardroom to dance and sing whilst he cut a hole in the floor, by which they all escaped.

ENTERTAINMENT.—The following are the results of the RACING, NOTES, FOOTBALL, REPORTS, AND ALL WEEK-END SPORTING NEWS WILL BE FOUND ON PAGES 14 AND 15.

GREAT EGG CONTEST AT THE ZOO.

Chickens Set the Pace in Laying Race.

VULTURES' TRAGEDY.

Fired by the example of the hens—about 150 ordinary chickens took up their abode at the Zoo a short while ago—the rest of the birds in the gardens have all entered for a great spring egg-laying competition.

Never has there been such excitement among the feathered creatures. The entrants include the ostrich, a couple of lovebirds, some owls, vultures, pheasants, a penguin, storks, cranes and a host of others.

The competition has resolved itself into a race. Who will win? The "favourite" at the present time is a pretty eagle owl who has already secretly laid her eggs and, in the privacy of her compartment, is moving heaven and earth to hatch them.

During the week-end *The Daily Mirror* made a tour of the gardens to note the progress of the "race."

The calm confidence and glucking conceit of the hens have brought about all the trouble. A large number of them occupy an enclosure next to the storks and cranes, and their wonderful egg-laying abilities have caused considerable friction and jealousy among their neighbours.

An elderly stork, his big bill buried in his feathers, was regarding them with a fixed and gloomy attention yesterday. His cold brown eye seemed to be saying: "Fools! Fancy making a fuss like that because you've laid a few eggs!"

He is quietly looking about for twigs himself, however, and furtively piling them into a rough sort of nest. He is not to be outdone by a few common hens!

LATEST FROM THE PERCH.

Love Birds the Second Favourites—Penguin a Very Doubtful Starter.

News in brief of the "egg race" is as follows—

The Ostrich.—Betsy, the hen ostrich, who has laid several eggs before, has started to scoop out a hollow in the sandy ground of her enclosure—her nest. Her keeper confidently expects her to lay shortly.

Vultures.—A tragic and unlucky pair. Recently the hen laid a couple of eggs in her nest, which is some 15ft. from the ground.

Either through her carelessness, however, or that of her mate, the two eggs fell out of the nest and crashed down to the asphalt pavement



Prince Axel of Denmark is betrothed to Princess Margaret of Sweden.—Reuter.



below. The two vultures, peering down at the eggshells, make a pathetic sight. More eggs are expected, however.

Love-Birds.—They live in the parrot house and have laid several dainty little pinky-white eggs. They are second "favourites." Their colleagues, the parrots, macaws and cockatoos, take very little interest in egg-laying. "Might get one egg in a year," said the keeper pessimistically.

Penguin.—A very doubtful competitor. She is the last of that gallant little company of "soldier" penguins who used to march about in single file in the sea lions' enclosure.

NEWS ITEMS.

A box of gold coin has been picked up in a trawl in the North Sea.

A general strike of postmen has occurred throughout Spain.—Exchange Madrid message.

Poet's Death.—Dr. Gudmundsson, the Icelandic poet, has died from influenza.—Reuter.

New Magistrate.—Mr. Edward Forbes Lankester, K.C., has been made a metropolitan police magistrate.

A big German submarine, marked 3-53U, was towed into Xuyden yesterday, having been picked up in the North Sea.

Admiral Sims has been specially invited by the King and Queen to lunch with the Royal Family at Buckingham Palace to-day.

De Valera will arrive in Ireland on Wednesday evening and will be offered a national welcome," says a Dublin message, quoting a Sinn Féin headquarters announcement.

Kaiser's Two Escapes.—Fifty minutes separated the Kaiser from the bombs of Squadron No. 55, R.A.F., on one occasion, and on another his train was "showered" at Thionville while the bombs fell on Metz-Sablon.

RAILWAY CRISIS CHANGES HUNGARY JOINS LENIN

MR. THOMAS ON MEN EAGER FOR STRIKE.

Mass Meeting Warned Against Glib Talk.

"IF THE WORST CAME."

After the conference at the Board of Trade last night Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., hurried to a meeting of the London branches of the N.U.R. at Euston Theatre.

Pressmen were not admitted, but after the meeting a steward said that Mr. Thomas would not be allowed to speak, as it was a meeting of the rank and file. But Mr. Thomas did speak. Looking like a man tired with his labours, but gratified by his reception, he made the following statement to *The Daily Mirror*—

"This meeting was called by the Conference of the London District Council, and I felt that, having regard to the momentous issues involved, that I ought not to allow a meeting of this kind to be held, when the possibility of a strike was involved, without at least stating my views to the men.

"There can be no doubt by the reception I received that the members appreciated my action, although statements had been made that I would not be allowed a hearing.

"I stated the case fully and frankly, pointed out to the members that everything possible was being done, and that we would continue to fight for a settlement that would be satisfactory.

"But I warned them against the dangerous people who were talking glibly of a strike and of nothing else, as being not their friends but their enemies.

"WE WANTED YOU, JIM!"

"I urged them to recognise that power was good, but carried with it responsibility, and that they had to recognise that if the worst came and a fight ensued, it would be a fight against the Government, and they must realise all that involved.

"It was also the duty of the Government to recognise their responsibilities.

"In spite of criticism and opposition I would struggle to effect a settlement.

"On leaving the theatre Mr. Thomas was cheered enthusiastically. In response he addressed a considerable crowd from the seat of a motor-car.

"There were some who did not want me to come. (The Crowd: "We wanted you, Jim!" and cheers.)

"Make no mistake," continued Mr. Thomas, "I have worked for you too long to leave you to work for you—to see your cause ruined by people who can think of nothing but strikes."

The meeting was continued an hour and a half after Mr. Thomas had gone, and at the close of the proceedings Mr. Footle made the following official statement—

"A meeting of branches of the N.U.R. in the London area was held at the Euston Theatre last night for the purpose of hearing a report from the delegates who attended the special general meeting on the negotiations in connection with the national programme.

After a long and considerable discussion, in which Mr. J. H. Thomas, the general secretary, took part, the meeting adopted the following resolution with six dissentients—

"That this meeting of N.U.R. members in the London district, having heard the report of our special general meeting, delegates, places on record its appreciation of the stand made by them on the national programme, and informs them we are not prepared, without a strike, to accept less than the full demands contained in the national programme, which must include every railway worker who is a member of this union."

To a question whether the resolution meant an unofficial strike Mr. Footle replied—

"It does not mean any local strike, but it distinctly means that the London members entirely endorse the attitude which our delegates have taken.

"NO COMPROMISE."

The Liverpool railwaymen last night passed a resolution, viewing with indignation the offer of the Railway Executive Committee and Government, and emphatically refused to be satisfied with any compromise.

They supported the attitude of the special general meeting and executive committee, and requested them to put the national strike into operation this week unless the demands are conceded.

GERMAN PEACE ENVOYS.

PARIS, Sunday.
A message from Berné says the *Frankfurter Zeitung* announces that at the last moment changes have been made in the composition of the peace delegation.

This delegation will now be composed as follows:—Herrn: Broekdorff-Rantzau, Giesberg, Muller and Souvicking and Professor Melchior.

London and Liverpool N.U.R. Men Favour Strike if Full Demands Are Not Granted.

SUNDAY PARLEY AT BOARD OF TRADE.

The railway crisis took another turn yesterday evening. Mr. Thomas addressed a meeting of the N.U.R. London area branches yesterday, and warned the audience against people who talked glibly of a strike and nothing else.

Eventually the meeting, with six dissentients, passed a resolution informing their delegates that—

We are not prepared, without a strike, to accept less than the full demands contained in the national programme, which must include every railway worker who is a member of this union.

This was stated not to mean a local strike. The Liverpool men yesterday also demanded a national strike if the demands were not conceded in full.

A long Sunday conference was held at the Board of Trade yesterday and various unofficial indications suggested that the outlook was more hopeful.

MR. BONAR LAW: MONEY POSITION SERIOUS.

Another Meeting To Be Held at 3 p.m. To-day.

How critical is the railway situation is shown by the fact that a long Sunday conference—a very rare event—was held yesterday at the Board of Trade.

The official report says:—

Further discussion took place on Saturday afternoon and evening and Sunday afternoon and evening between the President of the Board of Trade, accompanied by Sir Auckland Geddes, Sir Robert Horne, Sir Herbert Walker and other members of the Railway Executive Committee and the Negotiating Committees of the two railway unions with reference to various points arising upon the offer made by the Government, which appeared in the Press of Friday morning, and a further meeting has been arranged for Monday afternoon at three o'clock.

As an outcome of the discussions on Saturday, says the Press Association, a revised offer had been made to the men providing for a Forty-eight hours' week.

Overtime at the rate of time and a half. Sunday work to be paid for at time and a half. Special pay for night duty.

Holidays with pay. Present wages to be stabilised till December 31, 1919.

Reduction of war wage to be waived, and continuance of present earnings assured. This offer went a long way towards the meeting of the claims of the two unions.

THE CLOSING STAGES.

It is understood that the negotiations are in the closing stage, and it is believed they are progressing satisfactorily.

Mr. Bromley, of the Engineers' Union, said:—

"We had a very amicable meeting, and there is no doubt in my mind that there is a definite desire on the part of the Government representatives to meet us in a reasonable manner."

"If our members will content their souls in patience for a little longer now, we shall be able to present something to them which will be worthy of their consideration."

Sir Robert Horne said the reason the negotiations were so protracted was that thousands of details had to be brought under review in consideration of the application of rates of payment to all grades of the railwaymen.

It is expected, says the Central News, that, when the N.U.R. delegates' meeting reassembles on Thursday, the executive will be in a position to advise a revision of the resolution in favour of a strike.

IF STRIKE SUCCEEDED.

Mr. Bonar Law—"Parliamentary Government Impossible."

What Mr. Bonar Law told the leaders of the Triple Alliance at their interview with him at 10, Downing-street, on Saturday was divulged yesterday in an official report issued through the Press Bureau.

A situation like the present, where the railwaymen are costing the taxpayer to-day something rather more than half the total expenditure of the country before the war, is a condition which cannot be permanent.

The financial position is serious. If we go on in our effort to improve the condition of the people of this country and incur in every direction increased expenditure, I do not know what the end of it will be.

When the Government decided to guarantee the present rates of wages until the end of the year and to make these additional concessions,

they came under a very great financial obligation.

"When we made this offer," went on Mr. Bonar Law, "there was the possibility of an immediate strike. I do not say it is not there now."

Mr. Thomas: It is there.

Mr. Bonar Law: The Government, in a case like this, cannot help you. We are going to make an offer which is generous. You have to put it to your people and say we have done the utmost we can.

Dealing with his alleged "threat" in the Commons to the men if a strike occurred, Mr. Bonar Law said: Nothing was further from my mind than saying anything that was a threat.

I was pointing out what I believed the inevitable consequences would be. With a body like yours a strike would be the most serious thing that could be imagined. But a strike when the State itself is the employer is an entirely different thing.

A GREAT RISK.

To me the seriousness of it lies in this. What would happen supposing you won in a case of this kind? Parliamentary Government would be impossible.

The strength of labour is in the knowledge they have of how strong they are, and the employers know how strong they are. They will get far more by using that power in negotiations, and they would run a great risk in a big strike like this of breaking the very machine by means of which they have got concessions up to now.

Mr. Thomas: You have said frankly that you do not intend a threat, and, of course, we accept that.

Mr. Smillie: With regard to the statement I made, I did not for a moment feel you were either a fool or a rogue.

On the question of night work being raised, Mr. Bonar Law said: I think I can give an answer that ought to be satisfactory. When people are booked on and off at all hours, night work is difficult to define. But our intention is that where there is real all-night work they should be paid extra for it. We meant this as a reality, and not in any way to be whittled down by phraseology.

Mr. Thomas: That will do.

THE STORM POINT?

Government and Shopmen—Other Unions and the N.U.R.

Mr. Thomas said there were 100,000 shopmen in the N.U.R., and Mr. Bonar Law pointed out that the railwaymen were not all represented by one union, there were something like forty to fifty different unions.

Mr. Bonar Law said the grievance of the shopmen was not the railwaymen's grievance. He pointed out that a large number of the men for whom he was speaking were members not of the N.U.R. but of the A.S.E. and other engineering trades.

"Supposing," he said, "we agreed something with you, would not we have the others at our throats at once for interfering with something which did not concern us?"

The thing would not be settled simply by refusal to go into it. They would be very angry with us for interfering with something which did not concern us.

Mr. Thomas said if it was the Government's final word, that no matter what happened they could not settle on the question of shopmen to create a difficulty with another section who might repudiate any settlement made, but that the Government did invite them to come forward as a united body with a demand either for the future regulation of railways, shopmen's conditions or the machinery that would govern it.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Bonar Law.

DRAMA OF HUNGARY'S WIRELESS TALK.

Allied Now with Red Republic of Russia.

LENIN'S HANDSHAKE.

Hungary has gone over to Lenin and officially greeted him over the wireless as "the leader of the International Proletariat."

During the last few months Lenin has employed his best agents in Hungary, and according to Russian envoys at Budapest the Red Army is on the line Brody-Stanislaw, is advancing on Lemberg, and is expected to arrive at Budapest in a fortnight, but that is probably tall talk.

The drama of Hungary's turn over is told in the following message, says Reuter, from Zispeier Wireless Station:—

"The Hungarian Soviet Republic requests comrade Lenin to come to the telegraph apparatus."

Twenty minutes later Moscow replied:— "Lenin is at the apparatus. I request comrade Belkin, Commissary for Foreign Affairs, to come to the telegraph apparatus."

ON THE WIRELESS.

Budapest replied: "Ernst Por, a member of the Central Committee of the Hungarian Communist party is at the apparatus." The Hungarian proletariat, which has taken the entire state power into its hands, has introduced the dictatorship of the proletariat into the country, and greets you as the leader of the international proletariat.

We express to you our revolutionary solidarity and tender our greetings to the entire revolutionary Russian proletariat."

Lenin subsequently replied: "Your message to the Congress of the Communist Party of Bolsheviks! Russia was received with tremendous enthusiasm."

In order to communicate the decisions of the Moscow Congress, and likewise to report on the military situation, it is necessary to maintain permanent wireless communication between Budapest and Moscow.

With Communist greetings and handshake, Lenin."

ULTIMATUM DECLINED.

The Entente's ultimatum has been declined by the Government, who are reported to be signing a proclamation acknowledging a state of war between Hungary and the Entente.

Alexander Garbai is the new Premier, says the German Wireless.

According to Reuter, Count Karolyi, the President, in a proclamation announcing his resignation, complains that the aim of the Entente's further occupation of Hungary is to make the country a jumping-ground for operations against the Russian Soviet army. He transfers his powers to the proletariat.

The Exchange states that Karolyi's resignation was the result of a statement from the Allies' Military Commission that the whole of Eastern Hungary would be occupied by Rumanian troops, and other parts of the country by French and Czechs, the latter of whom are much hated in Hungary.

In consequence, the Hungarian Food Minister states, "we have placed ourselves under the protection of the Soviet troops and made this decision known to them by aeroplane."

The Czechoslovak Government is making preparations for the issue of a mobilisation order. Exchange.

Count Karolyi.



Count Karolyi.

MINERS PRESS FOR 6D. A DAY MORE.

Mr. Smillie's Four New Demands to Mr. Bonar Law.

The *Daily Mirror* understands that the modifications in Mr. Justice Sankey's report which were urged upon Mr. Bonar Law by the Miners' Federation were—

1. The application of the whole six hours' working day as from 1920.

2. An advance of 2s. 6d. instead of 2s. per shift or per day work.

3. Surface men to be the same as for other classes of labour.

4. An assurance that the advance shall apply in the ratio of six shifts for five on night and afternoon shifts, with a guarantee that the payment shall be conceded as from January 9 last.

The retrospective concession of the wage payment in the event of the Government's report being adopted has already been conceded.

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Daily Mirror

MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1919.

"MIGHT IS RIGHT."

WE heard from a hard-worked wage-earner on Saturday the simple question: "What price us?", in reference to the demands of the Triple Alliance.

He or "us" is not in the Triple Alliance. (How odd that labour should borrow the phrases of the obsolete European diplomacy it is supposed to hate!) And, not being in it, he is annoyed with it, with them, with the community and with everybody and everything.

What would he like? What would please him?

To have for his trade a grip like that possessed by the coal-men, the railway-men and the men of transport.

He would like it. But he cannot achieve it.

And that is not because he works less faithfully, and at work less ultimately fruitful, than the powerful Three.

It is not an economic, not a social, not a moral, not a human cause that prevents him from effectively pointing his pistol and confidently sharpening his knife. It is a natural or elemental cause. His industry isn't so immediately vital to the community.

The greater the need of the community, the greater the power of the worker. And (he argues) "if you want us so much you must pay us much more. Our demand depends on your need."

Entirely reasonable, you may say. Perhaps it is. But is it moral justice? Rather, it is Nature's whim.

It would be as just to say that the measure of the worker's reward should be according to the intention, quality and fidelity of his work; not only according to the community's dependence on him. If that latter standard were taken, the coal miner would be greater than the artist; for all agree, in this charming and beautiful time, that "we can do without artists"; not without coal—as yet.

But if we could do without it? Then the coal miner, having less power, would have less pay. And that would not be just either.

Power makes pay, here as elsewhere, then; might at least helps to make right.

The other workers? Oh, their time will come! But it will come after the Triple Alliance is satisfied. Why after? Because the Triple Alliance is more powerful.

MORE CAREFUL?

IF a man from the middle-ages could return to our wealthy world, he would be amazed, first, at the external hideousness of everything—at least, we hope he would—and he would next express surprise at the abundance of things, to him precious and rare.

Glass in all the windows! Stone houses and pavements! The dull but materially rich dresses! And, of course, all the steel age mechanism. . . .

Much more of the war and we might well have come near to understanding, by direct experience, the sensations of mediæval man.

We begin already to view sugar (for example) as a great privilege.

Oh, for the days when we spread it upon pre-war bread for voracious infants! "If we get sugar back we shall be more careful."

By degrees it is coming back. Shall we be more careful?

Shall we value nice things better now that we've lived through a time without them? Shall we be glad of butter and jam and mutton and eggs, and praise the Lord for them as our pious parents did?

Humanity is rarely grateful. It likes grouching. . . . No; we shall soon grow used to sugar again. More, we may even complain of it. We may even—we shall probably—say: "My dear, this sugar is not what it was. It isn't sugary enough." W. M.

SHALL WE GET ALL THE SUGAR WE WANT?

"SWEET TOOTH" PROSPECTS FOR THE POST-WAR ERA.

By A MANUFACTURER.

SUGAR in the shops to-day! Perhaps the most popular indication that war is really over. . . .

The precious stuff has come to seem rare—a sort of edible jewellery. Rare it need not be, however, in ordinary times.

The harassed housewife will be astonished to hear that the prime cost of it—whether the beet or cane variety—is no more than a penny a pound; and, further, that it is possible to produce sugar in unlimited quantities.

The modern "sweet tooth" developed amazingly in the last century.

Cuba's crop alone for the present year (3,500,000 tons) exceeds the whole world's output fifty years ago. Since 1880 the candy-loving Yankees have increased their per capita

Sagua la Grande, Cienfuegos—around these and lesser ports lie waiting craft, like swarms of bees about a honey jar. Weight for weight, Cuba produces as much sugar as the United States does cotton. And all the world is hungry for it—a fact which has greatly steadied the little Republic, and shown how much better is sugar than civil war as a national industry.

Second-grade sugar was made into alcohol and shipped to the Allies for their explosives. And molasses, another by-product of the mills, was further sold to rum distilleries at a high profit. Cuba nearly went crazy over her war bonanza. One planter cleared £200,000 when his winter milling was over.

THE FUTURE.

Sixty-five million pounds sterling rained upon the Caribbean Sugar Isle in a single season. And its population is barely one-third of London's!

Primarily, it was the fighting forces of the Allies who were considered in this sugar-hunt; yet in one week 25,000,000 lb. of their "heat-

THE PUBLIC MONEY AND THE PUBLIC MAN.—No. 5.



Nothing will make him understand money has to be earned and that if he spends it the taxpayer has to supply it.—(Cy W. K. Haselden.)

consumption of sugar from 40 lb. to 90 lb.; and to-day Uncle Sam's sugar-bowl calls for 21,000,000 lb. every twenty-four hours!

The world's total production of sugar rose to over 20,000,000 tons; but the universal war brought confusion upon all the sources of supply.

France lost 200 sugar factories by invasion. Belgium and Italy suffered, too. Russia's business disappeared, and the vast beet-sugar industry of Germany and Austria dribbled away in millions of tons.

Our own possessions from the Far East suffered heavily from submarines, and Java piled up 3,000,000 tons, vainly waiting for ships to take her raw sugar to the refineries of Europe and America.

Now, here was Cuba's chance; and the story of Cuba and her "honey-bearing reed" in war-time is a romance compared with which Tom Tiddler's ground is a pallid tale.

No Klondike rush, no Californian gold boom or striking of oil compares with the sudden riches showered on that sticky isle, where penniless hustlers borrowed a little money and soon made mushroom fortunes, ranging from £60,000 to millions.

Cuba is all sugar. Havana, Matanzas,

ration" was sent to the bottom by a German sea-wolf that lay in wait.

Will sugar become even more plentiful in future?

There is no reason why the supply should be limited at all, now that we have it supplied on demand again.

Consider the beet. This common vegetable was selected and "bred" until the sucrose in it had increased from 5 to nearly 20 per cent. An acre of good beet land, producing fourteen tons, will yield 3,600 pounds of refined sugar.

Already Brazil has set out to rival Cuba; and that vast Republic has more than thirty-five times the sugar-lands which are available in her tiny neighbour.

Mexico, Java, Natal, Egypt, Costa Rica, Jamaica and Peru—here are countries now keenly intent upon extending their sugarcane plantations.

No crop on earth is easier to grow, and in normal times nothing but vicious fiscal legislation prevents sugar—a most wholesome and desirable food—from being plentiful and very cheap. Here, then, in the midst of all our present industrial bitterness, is something sweet to think of. F. G. W.

THE WEEK-END CRISIS.

POINTS OF VIEW FROM WORKERS, EMPLOYERS AND OTHERS.

A WORKER'S APPEAL.

I AM a factory worker, and would like, through your paper, to make an appeal for patience to my fellows.

On every side we see demands being made for better working conditions.

With this no one can quarrel, but, unfortunately, these demands are only too often accompanied with threats.

Therein lies the danger. Strikes and threats of strikes have a detrimental effect on industry, which must in time neutralise anything that might be gained by this means.

It is certainly a fact that the worker never has had a just share of the wealth he has helped to produce, and he is perfectly justified in asking that this state of affairs should be altered, but if he wishes his industrial conditions permanently bettered he must not rush matters. The accumulated wrongs of years cannot be remedied in an instant. It must be a gradual process. Therefore the worker must be patient.

I quite realise how hard this advice is to follow, but it is absolutely necessary for the worker's own sake that he should do nothing to injure industry. The holding of a big pistol at the head of an employer may have been necessary at one time, but there are now signs that the employer and the Government have both begun to realise that the worker must have better conditions than he has had hitherto. Surely it is to the worker's best interest that he should do nothing to kill this new spirit. Anne-street, E.13. PETER KENNEDY.

HOW DOES HE MANAGE?

I SHOULD esteem it a great favour if my friend "A. S.," of Deptford, S.E., will kindly inform me how he can conscientiously be satisfied with his weekly salary of £2 18s. 6d. per week "to keep himself, wife and four children."

Would our friend allocate his sum in detail—as I have the same responsibilities as he, and, although my salary is practically double this amount, I fail to see how "A. S." can be satisfied.

In my case it takes all my salary to keep things square and to feed and clothe the children as they should be, without excess on any particular point.

I cannot see how a man with such responsibilities can exist on this figure to do justice to himself, wife and family.

LESLIE G. THOMPSON.

THE BIRTH-RATE MANIA.

IF the oft-discussed "birth-rate" be a device for raising the birth rate, as "T's" letter suggests, it will assuredly fail in its object.

Marriage and parenthood are not synonymous terms nowadays, and though the impost on a sufficiently heavy "bachelor tax" might induce some men to marry, it could not compel them to have children.

Not even a tax on childless couples could do that, and, as a moment's reflection will show, the attempt to penalise childlessness would be the height of stupidity and cruelty. J.

THE fallacy of the birth-rate mania arises from the assumption that it is quantity that counts, whereas, in reality, it is quality that matters. A hundred healthy babies are an asset to the State, but ten thousand diseased and degenerate children are a distinct danger to the community.

When will our theorists see this?

POPULATION.

SHORTER LETTERS.

Income-Tax.—How can we be certain that "Earnest Inquirer" is going to spend her money on educating her children? Many people with fixed incomes do not. And she doesn't say how the Chancellor is to get the money.—WAGE EARNER.

Cheer Up.—We British are awful duds at cheering. The Guards ought to have heard a roar on Saturday. Where I stood there was only a murmur.—DISPOTED.

The Future Life.—"Futurity" seems so confident about the future life being "all dreams" that I hardly like to remind him that dreams are mortal like the dreamer. If he dies, what becomes of his dreams?—SCIFIC.

RASH LOVE.

The sea hath many thousand sands, The sun hath mores as many. The sky is full of stars and love As full of woes as any. Believe me, that do know the elf, And make no traly by thyself.

It is in truth a pretty toy For babes to play with. But oh! the hon'ors of our youth Are off our age's gall! Self-proof in time we make thee know He was a prophet told thee so:

A prophet that Casanova-like, Tells truth without belief; For headstrong youth will run his race, Although his goal be grief; Love's martyr, when his heart is past, Proves Care's confession at the last. —ROBERT JONES (1610).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

It is always well to look a little ahead. Instead of deploring the dark clouds, let us anticipate the fruits and flowers that will follow the descent of the needed showers. We might be always wretched if we were only in the present, for our brightest time is yet to come.—SPURGEON.

DERRY & TOMS—Kensington High Street, W.8

DERRY & TOMS—Kensington High Street, W.8

THE PROBLEM OF THE ONLY CHILD.

THE GREAT PEACE QUESTION IN BRITISH HOMES.

By NEWMAN FLOWER.

The fear that rules in families blessed with the only child.

THE mothers of those only sons who perished in the war have been punished, say some folk, for shirking fruitfulness. We shall return, these same critics declare, to mid-Victorian fruitfulness. The war has demanded it.

I think we shall do nothing of the kind. The mid-Victorian era, snug and respectable, could never have endured its surfeit of child-bearing under twentieth century circumstances. The mark of respectability in that era was a full quiver. But the fashion has changed with the ever-growing burden on the bread-winners of the kingly classes. In that epoch the only child was a tragedy. It was cooped up in loneliness. It was allowed to mix in family gatherings of grown-ups as a special treat, to be shown off in its blue velvet frock as if it were a toy dog. It was a family relic. It ate lonely meals in nurseries under the eye of that safe national institution the family governess, whose chief virtue lay in her ability to keep this family freak away from family enclaves and the vulgar, over-burdened dinner table.

THE GROWING ATTACHMENT.

It grew up in solitude, this only child; it seldom mixed with other groups of children until, well advanced in its teens, it was sent to school.

But the modern child is of a different fashioning. We understand children—he they "only" or otherwise—better than these Victorians.

Maybe we have gone to the other extreme, and that the only child has become the family idol rather than its freak. So the governess is dropping out of family life just as the modern school influence is setting in.

Our predecessors, if they were "only" children, first saw life when they peeped through the banisters at crinolined ladies trooping into over-heated drawing-rooms. The modern "only" child gets its first glimpse of life when, at a very tender age, it goes to school. It is seldom lonely, because at that school it grows up in the companionship of other children. It borrows and absorbs a new wisdom, a new happiness in development.

The real tragedy of the "only" child comes to the parents. It is the greatest responsibility they can ever know, the greatest gamble they can ever adventure in.

Attachment to a child grows in the parents with the child's age. Every development in the child creates a new link with the parents. And while this development is in progress the parents suffer, by stages that become more acute, dreads and fears without end. They know that if anything happens to that child everything drops out of the world as far as they are concerned.

The thousand hidden dangers those parents know become a form of subconscious torment. If only this fact could be impressed on those who marry there would be fewer "only" children. But the average parent is ashamed to speak of those fears, or even hint at them.

HOME TIES AND WAGE-EARNERS.

The class which produces the greatest number of "only" children is that which is most guided by the circumstances that govern its existence—the middle class.

And how, think you, is the middle-class parent going to be persuaded that, now the war is over, it must produce more children, and so add to its responsibilities? What inducement, save that of fear of losing the only child, is going to make this class increase its families?

No the State will do nothing to aid the middle-class parent.

The question of repopulation will come back to the middle class in the long run. But the middle class is going to feel the burden of the war more than any other. It will have to work harder and pay more.

Where women are wage-earning, the home ties, which the rearing of children demands, must either snap or take second place in the domestic purview.

No national call will therefore urge the middle-class parent on whom so much depends to increase his family. One thing alone may do it, if it is properly realised.

And that is Fear.

I know those fears. My imagination paints to me in no uncertain colours what the loss of the one child would mean.

N. F.

BACHELOR GIRL OR MARRIED WOMAN?

THE DOUBTFUL HAPPINESS OF THE INDEPENDENT GIRL.

By HELEN MOORE.

IT used to be said that "Men must work, and women must weep," but during the last four years the old order has changed.

Women have proved they can work, and, in a great measure, even dispense with the weeping.

In pre-war days neurotic women were told by their stronger sisters that the best thing in life to do was to work and remain single and independent.

Well, they have worked, and worked nobly, because they had an incentive to do so.

Father, husband, brother or sweetheart was at stake, and woman's help was needed.

We all know how generously the women responded.

As a result, many have acquired a certain definite independence.

Let us contemplate this new order. Isn't it a poor sort of independence after all?

Those of us who were working because love prompted us were happy enough to "carry on" during the absence of the men we adored.

But fortifying us was the knowledge that we were helping to bring back the old order of things, when we should have our menfolk with us again to shoulder our burdens. The tired and harassed wife will often feel envious of her sister who can live in a bachelor flat, earn her own money and do with it what she will.

It is perfectly true the woman without home ties may sometimes be in a position to accomplish much more in the world because of her freedom.

She is free to go out and about, be chummy with men, without having to share in their disgruntled moods caused by domestic affairs.

In short, she has only herself to please—but perverse human nature sees to it that therein lies the whole source of her restlessness.

The woman living alone controls the spending of her own money, and she has the joy of her bachelor flat, where she may do exactly as she wishes. She may realise her ambitions in the world of art, literature or business.

But what is it all worth if she is alone in the enjoyment of her triumphs?

She may be helpful to her apparently less fortunate sisters, who very often feel how different their lives might have been had they remained "independent."

But could they know that loneliness dreaded by the spinster who has no one with whom to share her triumphs they would experience more of sorrow than envy for the independent girl.

Let women work, by all means. Work is good for everybody, and when efforts are crowned with well-deserved success all the sweeter will it be if shared with a mate.

In the same way disappointment will be less bitter.

Times have changed indeed, and women with them, but woman's nature remains unaltered.

Women may work, but the partnership of married life, to my way of thinking, will always be a better thing than a lonely independence.

H. M.



THE NEW MAP OF EUROPE.—British and French experts putting the finishing touches to the new map of Europe before its presentation to the Peace Conference.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF MARCH, 1918.

THE CONTRASTS OF PEACE AND WAR.

By "LIEUTENANT."

THIS past week-end I have done the usual peaceful week-end things—a little clearing up of the garden, a rubber or two of bridge, pleasant chats with a few friends—enough to visit to the village church.

But all the time another picture of another strikingly different week-end keeps flashing across my mind. It persists in popping up like "King Charles' head" or "Marley's ghost."

In church, when the old vicar was droning out the old familiar, comforting sermon, my memory gave me a violent "dig."

"You were playing a very different sort of game a year ago, old son," says Memory. "You were in that mouldy little bit of trench, you remember, and the Boche was peppering you with 'Sn.' and 'woolly bears.'"

One of the penalties of a vivid imagination and a good memory is that you really seem to live through things again.

As the vicar went on: "And, fifthly, my dear friends, I heard again the curious, rushing sound of an Sic. shell hurtling through the air towards my bit of trench."

I held my breath, fidgeted with the prayer cushions, calculated what sort of "cover" the old oak pew would make.

Would it be a direct hit?

Crash!

Thank goodness—just the other side of the trench!

I pulled myself together.

"I must really concentrate my attention on the sermon," I mumbled. I looked up and became aware that the vicar was announcing the hymn.

So it has been all the week-end. The progress of time is so extraordinary; after the most amazing events the human being settles down as though nothing had happened.

In retrospect it seems to me as though, at some remote period in my life, I visited a picture palace and saw an appalling Dantesque film. Unfortunately, I not only saw the pictures, but I lived in them.

Kaleidoscopic pictures flit before me—one in particular is that of a group of worn-out hungry "Tomnies" in the cellar of a smashed-up estaminet. They have killed some tame rabbits and are boiling them in a pot. It is their first hot meal for days.

The Huns are only a few hundred yards away. In a few hours these men will go out to relieve their fellows in the line. But they are very cheerful, having rabbit to eat.

"Have a pipe, sir?" said a sergeant, holding a half-boiled rabbit leg towards me. I gnaw it gratefully. I am famished. I look at the grimed, unshaven faces of the men around me—unreal, shadowy faces in the dim, candle-lit, smoky vault. I wonder.

There are grimmer pictures than this.

It is chiefly the humorous things, thank goodness, which stick in the memory. That boiled rabbit supper, the shining courage and cheerful wit of our boys under all circumstances, their quiet heroism—these are things which will stand out for all time.

The memory of them this week-end has made the thought of that other week-end much more bearable.

B. J. L.

"SECRET DIPLOMACY" IN LABOUR CIRCLES.

WHY OPEN DISCUSSION IS IMPOSSIBLE IN STRIKE DEBATES.

By A LABOUR CORRESPONDENT.

Our contributor writes of the "House-top" method of discussing delicate questions.

"MY hobby," the Chief Magistrate of the United States told his people, "is the hobby of publicity. I cannot imagine any part of the public business which can be privately and confidentially dealt with."

And we know that the first of his famous Fourteen Points, which the Paris Conference accepted as the basis of a lasting peace, insists upon "open covenants, openly arrived at. . . . Diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

Now, British Labour seized upon this Wilson dictum as the ideal course.

Mr. Balfour was heckled in the Commons in this matter, and all the virtues of "house-top methods" were impressed upon him as a preventive against future strife.

Yet the fact remains that Labour itself favours the secret debate; momentous questions are thrashed out behind closed doors and the Press is carefully excluded whilst decisions are being made which affect the welfare of the whole community.

MR. J. H. THOMAS' VIEW.

When I called at a trade union office during a serious strike I found that the executive had posted janitors to accost all callers and learn their business on the threshold.

Outsiders were refused admission, and told "there was nothing to report." Again, the miners met in secret conclave to discuss whether or not they were to be represented on the Coal Commission. And once more I was on the spot, with other inquiring scribes who sought the latest news.

A murmur of angry voices reached us from the inner sanctum.

Presently one of the delegates came out and shifted us all, remarking that differences of opinion had developed which should have "free expression"—with no newspaper men within earshot at all!

On another occasion we tried to trail the Licensed Vehicle Workers and the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen; but, alas! the very meeting-places chosen by the executives were kept secret, and all inquirers were asked to "wait and see."

It is clear that not all of the Labour leaders favour hidden diplomacy of this kind.

Take Mr. J. H. Thomas, the forceful head of the N.U.R., whose charter of demands has won tribute from the Prime Minister himself.

Labour has no more sturdy champion than Mr. Thomas. Yet at the Central Hall in Newport (Mon.) he denounced the secret tactics of the strike committee in an "unauthorised" affair.

It was decided that the Press was not to be admitted, and Mr. Thomas addressed us reporters in these terms:

THE CALL FOR PRUDENCE.

"This strike," he said bluntly, "does not affect these Newport men alone, but the public, and other railwaymen besides. Therefore I cannot understand why they do not have their case made public."

All the same, I fancy the sturdy railway chief was mistaken on this occasion. "House-top" argument is hardly practicable when all phases and risks and possible contingencies are to be frankly banded back and forth.

President Wilson himself soon realised this when Senator Borah of Idaho took him at his word and introduced a resolution for the discussion of all matters whatsoever in open session.

Mr. Wilson at once wrote to Foreign Minister Lansing explaining that when he "pronounced for open diplomacy" he meant, "not that there should be no private discussions of delicate matters, but that no secret agreements should be entered into, and that all (international) relations, when fixed, should be open, above-board and explicit."

There you have the whole case for non-public debates.

There must always be "private discussions of delicate matters"—such as the naval message which President Wilson sent from Paris to the Committee of the Lower House and which Chairman Padgett refused to reveal "because it was confidential."

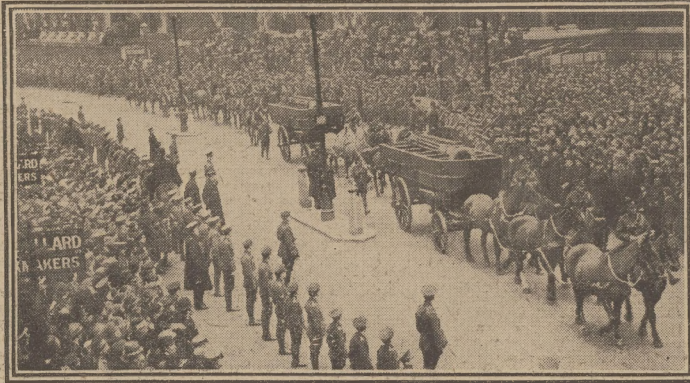
It is well enough to demand that all the cards be laid upon the council table.

But the game of life—and common sense as well—calls for prudence and reticence among the players if the right kind of victory is to be won—one that leaves the vanquished with a friendly hand outstretched in friendly greeting to the other side. H. G. A.

LORD CAVAN, THE FIRST GENERAL TO COMMAND THE GUARDS DIVISION



The colours, inscribed with the battle honours, in the procession.



The sappers were in the processions with two pontoons and a field telegraph.



Prince Nicholas, who helped to line the route, has a quick lunch.



P.C. CANDIDATE.—P.C. Bateman, of the City Police Force, who is a candidate for the Board of Guardians.



"GENERAL" IN-CHIEF.—Miss Jessie Stephen, taking a leading part in the settlement of the domestic servants problem. She was in service.



Queen Marie and her daughter, Princess Ilcana.

Seen from

Lord Cavan, who, with the Guardsmen, saved the day at Ghent. Among those who watched the start at the Palace day for him and many other veterans. Prince Nicholas



SCHOOLMASTER AT HARRLOW.—The Rev. Mr. Kittermaster, who was decorated with the M.C. by the King.



ALSO AT INVESTITURE.—Commander Baynam, the oldest naval officer on the active list, after receiving the O.B.E. He served throughout the war.



A "SURPLICE SUIT."—This is the name given to this creation, which is trimmed with black braid binding.



"HELPED" AN ADDER.—"It looked so uncomfortable that I helped it down, and then it bit me," said Cecily, the twelve-year-old daughter of Sir Ernest and Lady Shackleton, who would have died had she not had the presence of mind to suck the wound in her arm inflicted by a snake. The photograph shows her with her brother and her terrier. She is at school near Brighton.

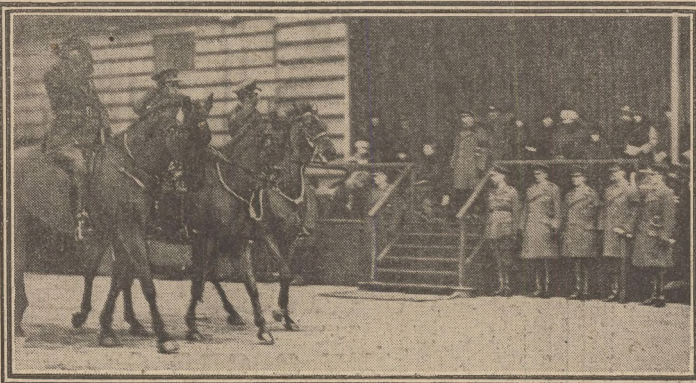


BLACK CHIP with glazed satin. Shown



FOR THE SUMMER dress the necktie. Chalk

TO THE CITY AND ALL THE WAY BACK: SCENES AT VARIOUS POINTS



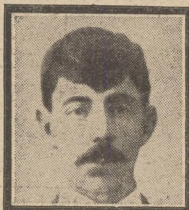
The Prince of Wales salutes his father in the Palace courtyard.



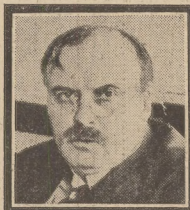
Crossing Piccadilly-circus. An enormous crowd had gathered here.



The Queen greets General Sir George Higginson.



BOATING MYSTERY.—Frederick Carter, a Llanelly fisherman, who has not been heard of since leaving for a trip in his motor launch.



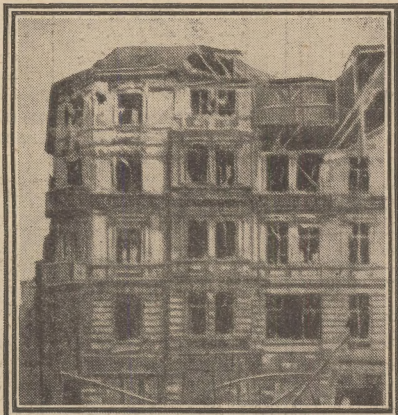
OFFICIAL'S DEATH.—The Hon. William Hanna, K.C., the Canadian Food Controller, who has died. His airman son fell in action.



The Prince of Wales and the Earl of Cavan.



TRIMMING A FEATURE.—Dress in two shades of blue. There is trimming on the pocket panels and cuffs.



GERMANS FIRST TO BOMB BERLIN.—A certain feeling of disappointment was expressed when this news was received in this country.



DAMAGED CHURCH.—The bombing took place during the Spartacist riots. We should have done the job better ourselves but for the armistice.

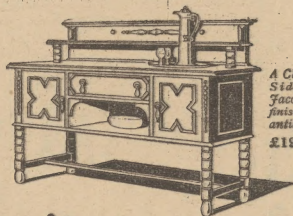


TWO V.C.s MARRIED.—Top photograph, Sergeant Issy Smith, the first Jew to win the V.C., and his bride (Miss Porteous), married at Hallam-street Synagogue. Lower photograph, Lance-Corporal Cruickshank, V.C., and his bride (Miss Gwendoline Mansell), married at Bush Hill Park. Boys belonging to the troop of boy scouts he founded formed the guard of honour.

bridge.
The first battle of Ypres, led the military pageant through
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TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General



Miss Meggie Albanesi, daughter of the well-known novelist, will be in the production of "Cyrano de Bergerac."



The Hon. Mrs. Wellesley Somerset, wife of Captain Somerset, Welsh Regiment, has been a V.A.D.

LORDS AND COMMONS.

Glimpses of the Guards—The Artist and the "Armistice."

It is quite like the old days of peace and plenty to have the Lords and Commons disagreeing over a Bill again. I hear that the Government will most certainly dissent from the alterations which Lord Salisbury and his friends have made in the Rents Bill. I have gathered that there is intense irritation at the Lords' amendment by which a landlord can make a 25 per cent. increase in rent.

Alarums and Excursions.

Sir Kingsley Wood is the travellers' joy, for he persists in pegging away at the Board of Trade about cheap fares for Easter. It is very much to his credit, but, at the same time, rather futile, for I believe that the Railway Executive are immovable on the point.

A Stout Antagonist.

Sir Albert Stanley will also have to meet the attacks of Colonel William Thorne, who is alarmed about the over-crowding in the District, and of Colonel Walter Guinness, who feels concern about the inconvenient hours selected by the railways in dealing with goods.

The Horse's Friend.

Sir Frederick Banbury, who is responsible for the Dogs' Protection Bill, is also the best friend the horse has ever had in the City. He is the terror of Bolshevik drivers, and the Mansion House Bench has complimented him times without number for bringing such brutes to justice.

Disbandment.

Mr. Winston Churchill has said that, owing to the reduction in the number of the battalions in the armies overseas and the formation of the army of occupation, the necessity for retaining all reserve battalions has ceased to exist. They, or most of them, at any rate, are therefore to be disbanded.

Many Messages.

An M.P. with a calculating mind computes that from 8,000 to 10,000 telegrams have been sent to the House of Commons urging members to vote against the Transport Bill. On one day over 900 came and this was topped on second reading day.

Home Again.

I hear that the National Liberal Club may soon be handed back its old home, now occupied by the War Office. The faithful National Liberals will then be able to revel in their famous marble staircase and their railway-station-like smoking-room to their hearts' content.

All-Embracing.

Despite its name, this club was catholic in its membership. I was first taken inside its marble halls by the late Frank Richardson, whose politics, if he had any at all, were cynical, crusty Toryism.

The Scott Expedition.

Princess Marie Louise, with a friend, was in the audience at the Philharmonic Hall, laughing at the comic penguins and nearly crying over the terrors of the Antarctic exploration film which Mr. Herbert Ponting, the explorer-photographer, is showing. Sir Herbert Morgan was also there, and earlier Lady Alexander.

A War Picture.

There was quite a crowd yesterday and on the previous day at the studio of Mr. Christopher Williams. They were admiring his just-completed picture showing the Welsh Division in action at Mametz Wood. As a son of the Principality, he has done full justice to his subject.

In the Park.

The sunny weather brought to Hyde Park a crowd of pre-war size, but not quite the pre-war crowd. An old park-keeper told me that he used to know nearly everybody at Church Parade by sight, but now there are many strange faces.

A Peer on Foot.

However, there was one well-known man in the cosmopolitan crowd—no less a person than Lord Lansdowne—walking by himself. I noticed several disabled officers being pushed along in invalid chairs by devoted feminine belongings.

The Guards' March.

I do not see where the published complaints about the alleged lack of cheers for the Guards come in. I am a hardened sightseer, and I was particularly struck with the frequency and heartiness of the hurrahs. The parade took over an hour to pass, and where I stood the cheers were repeated again and again all the time.

A Rousing Welcome.

And how pleased the men looked with their reception! With all the Guards' discipline they kept their eyes steadily to the front, but they could not help beaming with pleasure, especially when the shrill excited voices of the flag-waving children fell on their ears.

"The Prince!"

All the women were exclaiming delightedly at the well-set-up, soldierly figure presented by the Prince of Wales. His frank bearing and jolly smile pleased everybody. Lord Cavan, too, came in for loud expressions of feminine admiration.

On the Balcony.

In the streets the crowds were immense; but I was lucky, and saw the procession in comfort from the balcony outside the Shaftesbury. Standing near Mr. George Grossmith,



Miss Dorothy Forester, the composer of popular ballads, has recovered from her dangerous illness.



Mrs. Kerr, recently awarded the O.B.E. for services as superintendent of the R.S.V.C.A.

I noticed how many of the officers, including, I think, the Prince of Wales, looked up and greeted him. The King and his family went to "Yes, Uncle" in the evening, by the by.

A Loos Echo.

It was after Loos that Sir Victor Mackenzie, then a captain, told his men that he hoped to lead them off the field at the end of the war. He did more, as he led the 1st Scots Guards through London on Saturday.

New Magistrate.

The offenders of the South-Western district will come before a new magistrate soon, Mr. John de Grey having been retired, protesting, under the age limit. Mr. Edward Forbes Lankester, the new cad, is a brother of Sir E. Ray Lankester, the well-known scientist, and has had a legal career of forty-one years.

Six Years.

As he is now sixty-four, his new worship can only look forward to a career on the Bench of six years, when he will share the fate of his predecessor. Most of his practice has been at the Parliamentary Bar, but no doubt he will make an excellent magistrate.

Padres in Conclave.

So many padres were to be seen the other day in Cologne that a well-known general was heard to ask if the Church Congress was being held there. There was, in fact, a conference of Army chaplains presided over by a very well-known prelate.

Lord French.

I gather that the Viceroy of Ireland is even better than the cautious bulletins indicate, as he is now able to leave his room. But these are trying days for convalescents.

The Fortress.

Mr. Joseph Simpson, the artist, told me of an amusing experience which he had with his two small sons the other day. They had been guilty of some trifling misdemeanour, and, fearing parental wrath, barricaded themselves in the bathroom.

The Terms.

Their father waited outside. "Come out!" he demanded, sternly. He was answered by a small voice from within. "We want to know the terms of the armistice first." Mr. Simpson confessed that his sense of gravity was not equal to the occasion, and the youthful delinquents escaped (if I may so express it) scot-free.

The Nightmare.

Here is another true story of child wit. Little Juno had been having a well-deserved scolding, and after a while she said, "I wish I was dreaming." "Why?" "Because then I should wake up and find you weren't scolding me."

Where Are the Gardeners?

In spite of the large numbers of demobilised men now at home, I hear everywhere of the great difficulty which owners of gardens are experiencing in getting their spring operations done. Gardeners seem almost as scarce as during the war. How is it?

A Peace Tie.

Yesterday I met a recently-demobilised young friend who was wearing a tie of a peculiar but pleasing pattern. Being questioned, he proudly said it was a "Peace tie" which a friend in Bradford had sent him.

At the Scala.

The Pioneer Players had a distinguished audience for their performance of Claude's "Hostage" at the Scala yesterday. Miss Ellen Terry was with a party, as was Lady Diana Manners. I also saw the Princess of Monaco, Miss Gladys Unger, Miss Doris Keane with her husband, and Mrs. Meynell.

P.R.A.

Sir Aston Webb will doubtless feel pleasure at presiding at one of the peace-time revivals—to wit, the Royal Academy banquet, which fell into abeyance during the war. It will be the first time that an architect has been in the chair as President.

For All Fools' Day.

The Irish labour leaders are preparing for the biggest strike, even in the history of Dublin. It is the labourers who will down tools on this occasion. Their demand is for a minimum of £3 10s. weekly. The set date is appropriate—April 1.

Irish Racing.

It is possible that, in spite of everything, the famous Fairyhouse Races may not be abandoned. This fixture is controlled by the



A new portrait of Mrs. Dudley Ward, wife of Lt.-Commander Dudley Ward, R.N.



Miss Phyllis Dare, to play in "Our Little Wife" at the Winter Garden.

Ward Union Hunt, whose last meet took place under the protection of soldiers and police.

Leinster's Loss.

The "Killing Kildares" are not likely to resume Punchestown for a good while. This will be a great loss to the province of Leinster. One little town, Naas, loses about £5,000 over it.

Cigars Now.

Cigars being one of the things that are comparatively cheap in Rhineland, I hear that it is no uncommon sight to see our troops walking the streets smoking them instead of the hitherto universal fag!

THE RAMBLER.

Woman's Life

2^D



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NEXT WEEK—PATTERN OF CAMISOLE GIVEN AWAY

NOBODY'S LOVER

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

URSULA LORRIMER, a young and pretty girl, who is forced to earn her own living.
JAKE RATTRAY, a man under medical sentence of death.
DORIS ST. CLAIRE, formerly engaged to Jake.

THE LONG SILENCE.

SPICER waited two days for news of Jake, then he went round to his rooms. Mrs. Sale greeted him delightedly. She took it for granted that he would show where Jake had gone. Her rosy face fell chisically when Spicer had to confess his ignorance.

"I hope nothing has happened to him," she said, distressed. "I didn't like the way he went off, sir, that night. He seemed queer, as you might say, and he's never gone away before without leaving some address where I could send his letters."

"Are there any letters for him now?" Spicer asked.

"Yes, sir, three. I was hoping that you'd know where to send them. One is marked urgent. If you'll step inside I'll give them to you."

Spicer followed her into the sitting-room. The three letters were standing on the mantelpiece against the clock—two with typed addresses and one obviously addressed in a woman's writing.

"I don't suppose they're really important," Spicer said, with his knowledge of Jake he knew that nothing of much importance ever happened in his life. "If I hear from him I'll let you know at once. Possibly you'll hear before I do, though."

Mrs. Sale said she hoped so. "Nobody would believe how I miss him," she declared. "Even that blessed dog of his seems to have left a blank in the house. I'd got quite fond of it, that had."

Spicer smiled, though he was feeling rather anxious. He was sure that Jake had disappeared rather than told Ursula the truth, and he was very exercised in his mind as to how far he was justified in betraying his friend's confidence.

At luncheon he told his wife that he had been to Jake's rooms and that Mrs. Sale knew nothing of him. Elsa looked deeply concerned.

"He must be ill," she said. "He's not like Jake to go off without a word to you or anybody."

"You never know what Jake will do next," her husband answered.

"Anyway, Ursula is sure to have heard from him," Elsa insisted. "Why don't you ask her where he is and if she will give you his address?"

"You'd better ask her to tea, then," said Spicer. "In his short time he was sure that Ursula knew no more than they did."

"I'll write to-day," his wife agreed.

But Ursula refused to come. She could not leave her aunt, she declared. Mrs. March was still very ill, and there was so much to be done in the house.

"Of course, I shall not be able to leave until she is quite well," so she wrote, "and I am afraid it will be some time yet."

Those days were an eternity to Ursula. The silence and depression of the house nearly drove her mad, and she had had no reply to her letter to Jake.

"He can never have cared for me," she told herself in despair. "I wish I had died before I ever met him."

She tried to harden her heart, but somehow it seemed impossible. Sometimes for a little she would almost forget him in the midst of her memory, and then something would occur—some trivial incident would recall him, and the old ceaseless pain would begin once more.

She had refused to go to the Spicers' because she knew they would talk about Jake, and that she would not be able to bear it. She waited in a very fever of impatience for Mrs. March to get well again, or, at least, well enough to make it possible for her to leave the house.

The future was all now that she had to look forward to. She had tried love and found it an empty sham. She would cut it out of her life and put ambition once more in its place.

"Why do you never sing now?" Mrs. March asked her one day wonderingly, and Ursula answered hurriedly that she thought music in the house would be disturbing, though she knew that it was because she had lost all heart, and because music brought Jake back to her so vividly.

Then one afternoon, a week after Jake went away, she met Spicer.

He was on the other side of the road, and she would have avoided him and it been possible, but he saw her and came across.

"Elsa was going to write to you to-day," she said, as they shook hands. "We want you to come out to-night tomorrow. Nonsense! You must have a little change sometimes. You look worn out! It's impossible for you to stay indoors for ever. Bailly is coming and one or two others."

"Mr. Bailly?" Ursula flushed a little. She had never seen Bailly since she wrote refusing his offer of marriage, and she remembered, with a feeling of angry shame, that in doing so she had been largely influenced by what Jake had said.

"We shall be dreadfully disappointed if you don't come," Spicer urged, seeing the indecision in her face. He caught her eye looked ill, and, though he had intended to ask about Jake, he refrained from doing so.

"Very well, I shall be pleased to come," she said. After all, it would be something to do, and would kill another interminable evening.

They walked a little way along the street together, and at the corner Ursula stopped. "I go this way," she said.

"Oh, he wrote once," she said lightly. "But there seemed no need to answer the letter, so I didn't bother."

"That's what she should have to tell a letter for his sake, and in order to save herself, she thought bitterly. She almost hated him for having forced her into such an ignominious

"Then I will say good-bye—till to-morrow! Oh, how do you do?" This to Doris St. Claire, who had just turned the corner and come up to them.

She had only a minute to spare, she said; she was rushed to death, preparing for her wedding. "You look as if you have been ill," she told Ursula. "Doesn't college life suit you?"

"I haven't tried it," Ursula answered. "My aunt is still too ill to be left." Doris turned to Spicer. "Has Jake come back yet?" she asked.

"No, not yet—at least as far as I know he has not," he answered. "He's a rotten correspondent—never writes to me if he can help it."

"Really?" She laughed self-consciously. "I had a letter from him the other day," she added. There was a moment of silence. It was Ursula who broke it. "Well, I must be going along."

To think that she was to-morrow then, Mr. Spicer—good-bye, Doris."

She walked away feeling as if she were in a dream.

So Jake had written to Doris! It was the one thought in the world just then, the crushing blow to the hope that had never quite died in her heart.

There was no possible explanation, after all. He had just been playing with her. She had got to her feet, when it killed her. She had had to summon her pride, and never let him know that she suffered at all.

"I wish I could die," she thought hopelessly, but the next moment she was lighting scornfully at herself. He was not worth enduring for, not worth a regret. She had her voice—and the future left to her still. She would live for them alone.

When the doctor came to the house that afternoon she asked him if he thought she could safely leave. He looked at her with kindly eyes. "Aired of nursing?" he asked.

Ursula shook her head. "No, it isn't that. I have done much nursing, but . . . And she told him of her voice, and her great hope for the future."

He listened kindly and interestedly.

"I should think you could safely go in a wheelchair," he said. "But isn't it possible for you to take these lessons and still live in the house?"

Mrs. March will never really be well again, you know, and if there is nobody else to take your place . . . He hesitated, struck by the weariness of her face.

"Well, well, wait a few days, and we will see," he added.

URSULA GAINS HER FREEDOM.

URSULA paced up and down the room when he had gone. The house had lately grown to feel like a prison to her, and one from which she would never escape. It seemed impossible that a few weeks could have made so great a change in her life.

Love and happiness had come to her hand-in-hand with better health, and she knew that she could never quite rid herself of either of them.

She felt alone and content when she went to the Spicers that evening. Though there was nothing of the hint in her nature, she felt that it would in some way lessen her pain to be particularly nice to Bailly.

She sat next to him at dinner and talked to him the whole time. Elsa, when he asked after Jake, as she knew he would be bound to do, she managed to laugh and answer carelessly.

"Why do you ask me about him? I'm not his keeper, am I?"

"I thought you were great friends," Bailly answered.

She shrugged her shoulders. "I want to a few theatres with him, if that means friendship; but I haven't much time in my life for anything but music. I've always come first with me."

"That is what you say now," he answered with a sigh.

"Now and for ever, am I?" she said flippantly. After dinner Elsa persuaded her to sing.

"If I don't mind," she added hesitatingly. "Mind! I'd love to sing. Shall I be the old favourite?"

"She sat down at the piano without waiting for a reply, and sang Jake's favourite song. There was not a tremor in her voice, not a faltering note, though her heart was full of tears.

She had got to get used to doing without him and to hearing his name spoken, she told herself fiercely, so the sooner she began the better.

They were all friends of Jake Rattray's, these people. No doubt they all knew, or at least had heard, something of what had happened, and she must let her mind that she would do before she let one of them think that she cared in the very least that he had gone away.

"What will you do, love, when I am going?" . . . With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?" . . . "Jake was fond of that song, wasn't he?"

Elsa said when Ursula had finished. She laughed suddenly. "Do you remember the nonsense he talked that last night he was here about the Queen of Sheba and the Mile End road?"

Ursula joined in the laugh, though her throat was aching.

"He was fond of talking nonsense like that, wasn't he?" she said, lightly. "I wonder how he is enjoying himself away?"

Elsa turned and looked at her in astonishment. "Haven't you heard from him?" she asked, amazed.

Ursula's pale face flushed painfully. She began to sing through a heap of music with steady hands.

"Oh, he wrote once," she said lightly. "But there seemed no need to answer the letter, so I didn't bother."

"That's what she should have to tell a letter for his sake, and in order to save herself, she thought bitterly. She almost hated him for having forced her into such an ignominious

By RUBY M. AYRES

position. She was unutterably grateful to Spicer when he turned the conversation, and no further reference was made to Jake.

But later in the evening, when Spicer was alone with Ursula for a moment, he said, abruptly:

"I wonder if you would mind letting me have Jake's address, Miss Lorrimere? The old ass has written to me at all, and I rather want to get in touch with him if it's possible."

Ursula did not answer for a moment. She looked across the room to where the others were all laughing and talking together, and in sudden desperation she made up her mind.

"Mr. Spicer, may I tell you something—in great confidence?"

"Why, certainly. I hope . . ." he interrupted. "I have not heard from Mr. Rattray. It was a lie, what I said just now. I was never written to me—I have never seen him, or heard from him since that day at Mrs. Sale's, when . . . when he was ill, and you came in."

She made a little heroic gesture as he would have spoken.

"Oh, please don't say anything. It's not that I really care at all, but . . . Oh, you understand, don't you?"

Ursula gave a little quaver in her voice, and for the first time the tears rose to her dark eyes.

Before Spicer could answer Elsa came across to them. She looked worried.

"Ursula, a maid has come with a message for you from your uncle. I think she is in the hall—if you will come . . ."

Ursula rose to her feet. She knew what was coming, knew long before she reached the hall and saw the scared face of her aunt's little maid-of-all-work, that Mrs. March was dead.

She had died in her sleep, quite peacefully. Elsa put her arm round Ursula. "Oh, you poor child," she said compassionately.

Ursula shook her head. "I can't be sorry—she said I can only be glad. I wonder—do you think Mr. Spicer would mind walking home with me?"

Her voice was quivering, and the tears were running down her face.

If Jake had been here! She despised herself because her thoughts flew to him so naturally.

Bailly and Spicer both walked back with Ursula. They were a very silent trio.

As they reached the house the doctor was just leaving. There is a few words to Ursula before she went on indoors; her uncle stood in the hall. He looked pale and scared, but not particularly distressed.

"Adding about while your poor aunt was dying," he began. "A heartless lot, all you Lorrimeres . . ."

Ursula did not answer; she walked upstairs as if she had not seen him.

"Poor, auntie—poor Aunt Milly!" she thought, breaking down into tears.

"I shall sell the house and every stick in it!" Mr. March told her the next day. "You must look after yourself. It's no use counting on me for a home any longer."

"I am only too glad to be able to go," Ursula answered sincerely.

She made all her arrangements as speedily as possible, and Elsa Spicer helped her in every way she could.

"You can always come to us if you get tired of your new life," she told Ursula kindly. "I shall always be glad to have you."

"You won't remember that letter you wrote me?" Bailly asked when next they met. "I'd give anything in the world if only you'd marry me, Ursula."

The girl shook her head, her face hardening. "I shan't ever marry, Mr. Bailly, thank you all the same. I don't think I could ever make a man really happy."

"You could make me happy," he insisted, but he knew it was hopeless.

"At any rate, we can be friends," he urged, and wondered why Ursula winced as if he had hurt her.

"I don't know that I believe in friendship either," she answered rather pitifully. "I tried it once—and it failed."

"It is only too true," he said, "I fail with me." "I'd give my life to make you happy."

"There's only one thing that can make me happy," she told him. "I mean—my work!"

Her work was her one hope. Without it she felt that she would have gone mad. She looked forward with passionate eagerness to the day when she would have left the old life behind her for ever.

When the last morning came she tried to thank Mr. March for what he had done for her.

"I'm not ungrateful—really," she faltered. Henry March had the grace to look slightly ashamed.

"That's all right," he said magnanimously. "I never look for gratitude for what I do. He passed, but as Ursula made no comment he added: "You'll come and see me sometimes when I'm settled down again, I suppose, just for your aunt's sake?"

"Of course I will."

He sighed heavily. "She was a good woman, your aunt," he said, "but . . . But fool! I tried to cure her, but it was no use." He sat down to an envelope, and with pen and ink and a resigned air, sorting through a pile of letters beside his plate between each mouthful. Presently he threw a letter across the table to his niece. "One for you," he said.

Ursula took it up cautiously; then she caught her breath with a little hard sound, she caught the writing on the envelope was Jake Rattray's.

Do not miss to-morrow's instalment of this fascinating serial.

HERCULES

Coat Frock Overalls

are Stylish, Comfortable & Serviceable



They are made of Joshua Hoyle & Sons' Hercules, "the tested cloth." They will stand any amount of washing, as the colours are absolutely fast and the material simply defies wear.

We stock Hercules Coat Frock Overalls in various styles, with and without sleeves, and every one we sell carries the makers' guarantee.

If it is unsatisfactory in wash or wear we will at once replace it with another of the same style, FREE OF CHARGE.

The Overalls cannot be sent on approval. Remittance (10/- Treasury Note or Postal Order) must accompany all orders. Cash refunded if goods not approved.

HERCULES COAT FROCK OVERALLS.
Asklethion, chain collars of Navy, Sea, Butcher, Kilt Green, Coral Pink, Golden Brown, Chamois, Blue, Grey, Navy and White, Navy and White, Striped or Check Navy, Navy or Black ground with White pin spot, 10/- post free
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FADELESS FABRICS
"Garment replaced if colour fades."

SOUND in Fabric and fast in colour, the "Duro" cloths are the most charming and economical of washing wear, and are sold with the guarantee:—
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For Ladies' shirts and 12" x 18" Frocks.
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For Men's Frocks, Striped and White.
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For Ladies' dresses, Gowns, etc.
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For 14" x 18" and 18" x 24" Frocks and White.
DURO SUITING 3/11
For Men's and Children's Trousers.
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For Coat Frocks and Costumes.
DURO SHIRTINGS for men in all weights and styles.

PATTERNS and the name of Duro Textiles can be had from the Duro Advertisement Office, Room 75, 20, Piccadilly, Manchester.

MADE IN ENGLAND
BIRCHES, LEWARD & CO. LTD
MANCHESTER

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Daily Mirror

Monday, March 24, 1919.

SATURDAY'S FOOTBALL.



Aston Villa reappears and defeats Derby County.

RUGBY, ASSOCIATION AND BILLIARDS: CUP FOR INMAN.



Blackrock College (stripes) and Mountjoy School meet in the final for the Leinster Senior Schools Cup at Dublin.



Fulham's goalkeeper falls while saving a shot.



Famous Irish schools meet on the Rugby field.



BEAUTY CONTEST.—Worked on munitions at sixteen.



SHIPPING OFFICE.—Firm under Government control.



REPLACED MAN.—Acted as grocer's assistant.



Mr. Bottomley presenting the challenge cup to Melbourne Inman, billiards champion since 1912: He defeated Stevenson, who is also seen, by 6,532, a great achievement.—(*Daily Mirror* photograph.)



R.A.F. BODYGUARD.—Royal Air Force captains escorted the coffin of Captain Robin Jasper Dunn on Saturday. It is alleged that Captain Dunn and Second Lieutenant W. J. Pegg, both convalescent officers, were killed by an aeroplane swooping down on them while they were driving in a trap near Sleaford.—(*Exclusive Daily Mirror* photograph.)